

SUNDAY EXPRESS

The soft option

WITH Mr William Pitt's famous victory for the Liberal-SDP Alliance at Croydon on Thursday the air became thick with talk of "breaking the mould of British politics."

But the talk has been louder than any sound of breakage.

Even now the Croydon result appears little different from previous by-election results in the middle of a Government's life. A mid-term protest vote. What is new about that?

It would be wise to assume for a while longer that the mould is still intact.

Another, more important, mould seems to be intact too. And that is more worrying.

Mrs Thatcher, to her eternal credit, is trying to get the nation to face the harsh facts of economic life. And it might have been hoped that—despite the pain—people would recognise what she was about, and support her.

It seems that this is not the case.

As the voters of Croydon have demonstrated, we are still hankering after the soft option. And in pacifist, pro-"gay"-rights William Pitt—you would have thought, after experience of Ken Livingstone, that Londoners would not make the same mistake twice—the voters of Croydon have got themselves someone who will soothe them with the claim that soft options do exist, that our economic difficulties can be solved by a mug of hot milk and two aspirins.

The mould of self-delusion. That is the mould they should have broken at Croydon.

Brave



WHO can have remained unmoved by the cheerful defiance of Lieut-General Sir Stuart Pringle exuded from his hospital bed just six days after the dastardly attempt on his life?

Even the evil wretches of the IRA have been unable to ignore it. His still-boyish face radiated a message to them as surely as to us: the forces of darkness shall not triumph.

Of course, his decision to meet the Press will not have been without an element of calculation. He will have wished to signal to his men that their commander was still at their head—an overriding concern of leaders of men throughout the centuries.

But his gesture had an impact that even he will not have calculated.

For surely, nothing was more warming than the way he so obviously moved by the goodness and heroism of ordinary folk. It was one of his own neighbours—unknown to him at the time—who comforted him as rescuers worked to free him from the tangled remains of his car.

When his would-be murderers strapped the bomb to his car, could they have possibly imagined that the outcome of their barbarity would be a source of inspiration rather than despair?

Parting thought

It is always easy to tell your station in life—sooner or later someone is going to tell you where to get off.
Herbert Daniels

Cummings



MARCH OF THE WARMONGERS

THE NUCLEAR PROTESTERS WHO COULD ACTUALLY SPARK OFF A WAR

by the Rt Hon

Lord GEORGE BROWN

THE oddest feature of the Western European democracies in the 'eighties is our apparent determination to repeat the most glaring of all our mistakes of the 'thirties.

This could be amply demonstrated by reference to our economic policies then and now.

But way above everything, we are in the gravest danger of lurching into a third world war, with quite unbelievable consequences, in almost exactly the same way that we got ourselves into the last war.

It was not the professional soldiers who brought that war about, indeed, it was they in Germany as well as in the democracies who sought to avoid it.

That war was made inevitable by those who protested the most against it. The Peace Pledge Union with its peace ballot. The Oxford Union with its notorious "will-not-fight" resolution.

Indeed, pretty well all of us who lived through those dreadful and debilitating years share some of the guilt for what subsequently happened. It was we who led Mussolini and Hitler to believe that they could dominate the world at little cost to themselves.

It was the good people in the democracies who enabled the evil people in the dictatorships to silence their own professional advisers and launch the world into destruction. And let us never forget that even so it was only with Kremlin support that Hitler was able to go into Poland in 1939.

Obscenities

Yet with all that having happened in our own lifetime here we are, repeating the same obscenities all over again. Right across Western Europe the protesters are marching and demonstrating. It is against the massive build-up of military might by the Soviet Union. No! Against the colonisation by Moscow of the formerly free nations of Eastern Europe. No! Against the imprisoning and torturing of those daring to resist their Communist oppressors? No! Emphatically not.

The protests are strictly reserved for the proposition that in no way should our society seek to deter those who would bring it down.

Politics and Personalities

The ambitions of Dr Owen

by CROSS-BENCHER

TUNE in to the ambitious mind of Dr David Owen as he contemplates the latest dramatic advance in centre party fortunes.

Is he cock-a-hoop at the success of Mr Bill Pitt in Croydon?

Certainly. Does he believe Shirley Williams can now put off an even more sensational victory at Crosby?

Indeed he does. And he is filled with unutterable joy at the thought of Shirley being waited triumphantly back into Parliament before the end of the year?

Ah! Indeed he should be. But is he?

Trump card

Consider. More than ever, David Owen is convinced that an SDP-Liberal alliance can now win the next General Election.

Why, in his mind's eye he can already see the black, chauffeur-driven limousine bearing the new Prime Minister purring to a halt outside Number 10 to the delight of a rapturous crowd.

Stirring stuff. But who will be stepping out of it to bask in the applause? As things stand at present, David Owen believes it could be he.

He possesses one vital card which Roy Jenkins and Shirley Williams are still without. A seat in the Commons.

That card has enabled

Even though it is necessary to stand all logic, all sense of justice, all the humanities on their heads in order to justify those protests.

There is no way, no place, no means by which we in the West are threatened by the Moscow dictators. On the contrary, we constantly lean over backwards just in case we upset their delicately balanced susceptibilities.

They don't observe their sworn intentions about basic freedoms and international communications laid down in the ironically titled "Final Act" at Helsinki.

They have built the biggest armory ever accumulated in that contradiction of the undertakings they accepted in the first SALT agreement. Even while negotiating SALT Two with the entirely kiddy Carter they were building and putting into place the missiles and the bombers which made it a nonsense.

The whole military balance has been overturned in the past 20 years. The whole of Western Europe is now threatened and targeted with nuclear weapons from Eastern Europe and from the Soviet Union.

Yet the protests are solely directed against anyone who dares to suggest that we should seek to deter the men in the Kremlin from using the nuclear power or even from blackmailing us by the continued threat it poses.

There is only one way to prevent that, that is to make it abundantly clear that

it can't be won. When that is clear no one is likely to light the fuse. But it has to be incontrovertibly evident that that is so. And at every level at which we might be tested.

We must get it into our heads that there is no "acceptable" level of war available to us. No fine distinction between "nice" conventional means of killing and destruction and "nasty" nuclear methods can be drawn.

Macabre

The Soviet Union at the moment and for some years ahead has predominance at almost every level. Certainly at all the conventional levels. Yet we have to deter the Soviet leaders from using that dominance. The question is how.

They have at their disposal in the European theatre—as in macabre fashion it is called—some 40,000 tanks against perhaps a quarter of that number on our side.

They have some 3,500 tactical bombers and fighter aircraft stationed in Eastern Europe alone. They have something like 250 mobile tactical missile launchers, each capable of delivering three nuclear warheads and capable in addition of refuelling after the first round has gone.

The only possible answer to the question must therefore be for us to demonstrate a capacity on our side to make any use of that power unacceptably costly to them.

Since there is no way that electors in the West will vote the money necessary to match all that armour—electors in the East are not of course given the choice—we have to make it clear that we will use whatever minimum force of any kind is required to contain any aggression.

That is what President Reagan seemed to me to be saying in his recent heavily criticised statement. It is certainly what I have always believed whether in or out of office.

We cannot afford to let the Russians divide the options. To do so would be to hand them the ultimate decision on a plate. That is why Brezhnev has reacted so violently to Reagan. That is why he has the gall to "challenge" the Americans to rule out a possible first use of battlefield nuclear weapons while he retains all his varied capacities.

We must steel our nerves to face him down. He or his advisers and successors must always be left with the problems involved in making a decision whose outcome they cannot predetermine.

Dither

That is why the Western European members of NATO should accept the American proposal to have the new missiles over here and to produce the so-called neutron bomb.

Incidentally, it should be pointed out that if ever there was a wholly defensive weapon this is it. I hope the British Government will give a very certain lead on this matter especially while so many of our continental partners are in such a frightful dither and that very soon leader Helmut Schmidt, is, alas, less than fully fit.

Alas, I have to report that the best offer he has had so far from an MP keen to be at the lunch is hardly one that fills him with excitement.

An invitation to a ploughing competition at Ongar.

Snip snip

Spare a thought, finally for the official House of Commons barber.

During the last week, as MPs returned from the long summer recess, the poor chap has been rushed off his feet snipping away looks long overdue for a trim.

One Labour MP had to come back four times before he could be fitted in.

I have no doubt that this booming trade can be explained entirely by the excellent haircut the Commons barber gives.

And has no connection whatever with the fact that, at the cut-price rate of £175, a shampoo and cut at the Commons comes cheaper than almost anywhere else in the country.

JOHN JUNIOR CURRENT EVENTS

W HETHER or not the Princess of Wales shot a stag does not matter.

I can think of more sinful things. Such as eating eggs laid by hens who throughout their miserable lives are never even allowed to leave their tiny coops.

What especially angers me is the way in which Mr Richard Course of the League Against Cruel Sports climbed on the publicity bandwagon over the issue. It was almost as if he had sought to bring the maximum possible damage to the Princess.

I fall a little short, too, of cheering those newspapers who helped him by headlining his attack and by counselling the Princess to mend her wicked ways.

What in God's name are we trying to do to a shy, uncertain girl of 20, who is just starting a thankless and terrifying life-time of public duty?

After the Princess has been treated these last few days, do you wonder if already there are truly times when she feels like jacking it all in?

MR TERRY DUFFY says that Sir Michael Edwards has put himself into an indefensible position by taking a 38 per cent pay rise while offering British Leyland workers only 38 per cent.

I agree again. Sir Michael would do much good by handing back that pay increase.

Not need Sir Michael necessarily suffer financially. BL workers can benefit enormously from productivity bonuses.

Could not Sir Michael gear his own pay to the same bonus system? It would be nice to think that between now and November 1 Sir Michael will announce his readiness to accept that same sacrifice he asks of his men.

But if not? Then, regretfully, I think he ought to be told to get on his bike.

WHEN REGINALD MAUDLING was alive, Granada's Oxford team caused him anguish which must have shortened his life.

Now they put the boot in again. In a Granada book written by World in Action editor Raymond Fitzwalter and producer David Taylor, they sneer that he had been an MP he would have been prosecuted for corruption.

Would he? I do not know. What I do know is that while I would have trusted any-going, compassionate Regie Maudling with my life, I have only contempt for men

who seek to wound his widow, his children, his grandchildren 24 years after his death.

ON A trip to London to visit museums, 17-year-old Byfleet schoolgirl Johanna Thompson lost her purse containing her money and her return ticket home.

She had just two 10p pieces in her jacket pocket. It was her first time alone in London. From Waterloo station she tried to telephone her mother who was working temporarily for a large company. The two 10p pieces ran out before her mother could be traced.

When she went to the Station Manager's office and explained what had happened, she was told that she could not get on a train until her fare had been paid at any railway booking office.

Some anxious hours later, at 5.30 p.m. after her mother had returned home from work, Johanna was able to make a reverse-charges call and tell her story.

Her mother immediately rang Waterloo, explained that the ticket office at her local station was now closed and pleaded with them to put her daughter on a train. She was told No.

She would have to go and pay at the nearest station that was open. That was the system. And the system could not be bent. And that was what Mrs. Thompson had to do.

Even then, it took half an hour to get the money paid, a receipt given and Waterloo informed.

Johanna's mother has since written to Sir Peter Parker asking why a young person should be treated so harshly.

I add further questions of my own. What would have happened if Johanna's parents had not been on the telephone?

Would a frightened 17-year-old girl have been left to spend the night alone in Waterloo Station?

And would Sir Peter like his own children to be treated in this way?

EVEN THOUGH it was after midnight when Irish kidnap victim Ben Dunne and the man who found him, Eamonn Mallie, knocked on the door of parish priest Father Hugh O'Neil, they received a cheery welcome and a beer.

I have a suspicion that if two strangers knocked on the door of a Scottish manse within five miles of Auchtermuchty after midnight, the only thing they would like to get from on high would be the contents of the chamber pot.

WHATEVER THEY DO, LONDON WON'T EVER CHANGE.



As a wag noted recently, "All that's going up in the City is another skyscraper". Yet, while Bulls, Bears and American Pundits may be seen fighting on the corner of Threadneedle Street, nothing really changes in the square mile.

Much the same may be said for London King Size. They're made the way cigarettes used to be, without any eye on the clock. We take choice Virginia tobaccos and blend them to bring out every ounce of flavour.

For all that, you'll find London's price can only be described as reasonable, not to say bearish.

Which ought to make you rather bullish.



NEW LONDON KING SIZE

WHATEVER YOU'RE LOOKING FOR, YOU'LL FIND IT IN LONDON.

MIDDLE TAR As defined in H.M. Government Tables. DANGER: H.M. Govt. Health Depts. WARNING: THINK FIRST—MOST DOCTORS DON'T SMOKE.

CINEMA'S

ABC 1 & 2, Shaftesbury Ave. 836 8861. Sun. 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. Last Sun. 2.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. All day Sat. 11.30 a.m. to 1.30 p.m. Sun. 2.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.

1. Mel Brooks' History of the World Part I (AA). Sun. & Wk. 2.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m. 2. Honey York (AA). Sun. & Wk. 2.30 p.m. to 4.30 p.m.

1. The New Erotic Sex Spectacular 437 Love in 3 D (AA). Prog. 12.40, 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30, 10.30 (Sun. 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30, 10.30).

CURZON, Curzon Street, W.1. 499 3737. Franco Zeffirelli's The Last Days of Pompeii (A). Film at 12.15 (Sat. only), 3.00, 5.00, 8.30.

DOMINION, Tottenham Court Rd. (SSE 5662). High Anxiety (A). Cont. Prog. 12.40, 2.30, 4.30, 6.30, 8.30, 10.30.

EMPIRE, Leicester Square. 437 1234. Seats available for last evening performance (not late night show). Advance on Office opens 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. Monday to Saturday. (TICKETS) BOOKINGS accepted between 11 a.m. and 7 p.m. box office.

John Travolta and Nancy Allen to a Brian De Palma film Blow Out (C). Sen. prog. daily 1.00, 3.30, 6.00, 8.30, 10.30. Fri. & Sat. 11.15 p.m. to 1.15 a.m.

Now RITZ, Leicester Square. 7400 (X). Sen. prog. daily 1.00, 3.30, 6.00, 8.30, 10.30. Fri. & Sat. 11.15 p.m. to 1.15 a.m.

LEICESTER SQUARE THEATRE, 1930 1930. Lying Vampires (A). Sen. prog. today 3.30, 6.00, 8.30, 10.30. All seats bookable.

QUEEN, Haymarket. 030 2738/2737. The French Lieutenant's Woman (A). Sen. prog. today 1.30, 4.30, 8.30. Seats bookable in advance for performance Monday.

ODON, Leicester Square. 030 6111. The Hit And Run (A). Sen. prog. today 1.30, 4.30, 8.30, 10.30. All seats bookable in advance at box office only.

ODON, Marble Arch, W.2. (223 2012/2). For Your Eyes Only (A). Sen. prog. today. Seats open 3.00, 1.00. Reduced price for Under 16s.

ODON, St. Martin's Lane. Walt Disney's Bedtime Beauty (A). Sen. prog. today. Seats open 3.00, 1.00. Reduced price for Under 16s.

PRINCE CHARLES, Lido. 437 8181. British premiere presentation. The Great Escape (A). Sen. prog. today 1.30, 4.30, 8.30, 10.30. All seats bookable in advance at box office only.

EXHIBITIONS

CHILBERT GAVES open Day 10a. Sun. 11 a.m. to 5 p.m. 40 mins. ride of four. 30p and 40p child. Near Chichester. Sun. 10.30 a.m. to 4.30 p.m. 01-467 3284. Ride or by bus.

WHILE THEY DEMONSTRATE... you can take your own survival precautions!

NUCLEAR WAR

READ PROTECT & SURVIVE MONTHLY

Your monthly guide to surviving a nuclear war. No politics—just simple, straightforward, practical advice. Includes 100 survival tips, 100 survival drills, 100 survival exercises. Edited by Dr Bruce Sibley, author of the best-selling book, The Nuclear War Survival Guide.

• Turn your basement into a shelter
• How to survive the "aftermath" of a nuclear attack
• Where to buy a survival shelter and how much more

Order from good books or send to: PROTECT & SURVIVE MONTHLY, 80 Fleet Street, London EC4A 1EL. Phone: 01-363 1195. Telex: 22662.

POUNDS!

QUALITY WORKSHOPS, SHEDS & SUMMERHOUSES. Craftsmen built in Worcester factory.

FREE ERECTION DELIVERY & FLOOR. EXAMPLES: 4x3 £73, 8x6 £159. MORE THAN 50 MODELS UP TO 25x10.

* Optional timber treatment by total immersion. Dial-a-catalogue 24 hrs. 0299 466000 or send to: POUNDS BUILDINGS, ROCK KIDDERMINSTER, WORCS.

Relax, sit down and do some gardening.

The Dobies catalogue is now available. 176 glossy pages packed with great ideas and the best in gardening equipment. For your free copy ring 078 802020.

Send the coupon. (To: Sam's Dobies & Sons Co. Ltd. Dept. SE7, Upper Ockley, Longwick, Bucks. MK48 2SD. Please send me my FREE Dobies catalogue.)

Name: _____ Address: _____

Existing customers will receive the catalogue automatically. Catalogue available in UK only.

REAL SALE!

SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES!

REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES!

REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES!

REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES!

REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES!

REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES!

REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES! REAL SALE! SPECIAL PRICES! FREE BROCHURES!